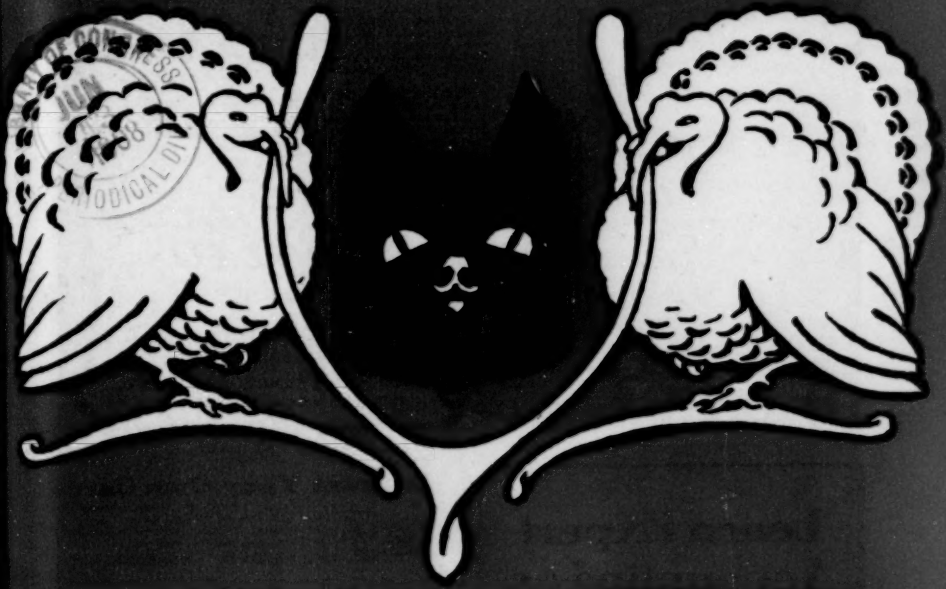
The Black Cat



November 1906

The Will of Monsieur D'Aubigny Anna Miles Olcott

The Man Who Bet His Pockets Don Mark Lemon

The Forest's Own $100 Prize
Violet Melville

The Wiles of Women Donald Douglass

The Plasticity of "Beeswax" Will Lisenbee

Her Answer $100 Prize
Clifford Howard

Price 5 Cents

Vol. XII., No. 2. Whole No. 134.

Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company

THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO., 144 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS. and 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C.

No animal fat-pure vegetable oils
The
BABY'S
BATH
may make its roseleaf skin continue its beauty through life if you use HAND SAPOLIO
PURSUIT
Comfortable babies are good ones HAND SAPOLIO babies are prize winners
THAT CHILD
will escape chafing and all skin troubles, and will sleep well who is bathed daily with
CAPTURE
PURE
SAFE
SURE
HAND
SAPOLIO
CONTENT

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Vol. XII., No. 2.
Whole No., 134.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

5 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

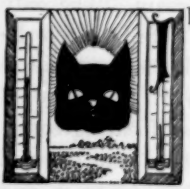
Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories — every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION. — *The entire contents of* THE BLACK CAT *are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.*

The Will of Monsieur D'Aubigny.*

BY ANNA MILES OLCOTT.



IF the letter were not in my desk, where I could put my hand on it any day in the broad light, if the agony of scorching heat did not sweep over me each night as I fall into a dreamless sleep, I would believe what I am about to relate but the fiction of a distorted imagination, the fantastic weaving of a brain surging with the fever of overwork.

Only yesterday I read the letter over twice, although for years I have known it by heart. I wanted to feel the paper in my hand and see the black letters on the page, to get hold of something tangible, something that other people could see as well as I. But I do not ask you to take my word alone. Go to Paris today and a thousand people could give you the particulars of the last year of Monsieur D'Aubigny's life, could tell you of his erratic actions and sudden lapses into unconsciousness that baffled the physicians of two continents, and they would add under their breath that six months after his death, when Madame, his widow, would remove the body from Père Lachaise to Monsieur's ancestral burial place near the château, she found the casket empty, though the lock to the vault showed no signs of having been tampered with.

I am a plain man, a practical man of business, Byron Rumford,

* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Attorney-at-Law, practitioner in the honorable courts of San Francisco. Ten years ago, after weeks and months of unremitting toil, I had succeeded in building up what promised to be a lucrative practice, and the same day that Katharine Sears promised to marry me, I was appointed attorney for the San Diego & Oregon Railway. Then came the frightful wreck on the twenty-ninth of January, when the bridge over the San Joaquin went down with seven passenger coaches, and I was called upon to win my first great case for the railroad. Night and day I worked, snatching time only at odd moments to eat or sleep, and sometimes not seeing my betrothed for days. Success meant an established reputation — failure the postponement of my marriage for a year at least, with the probable loss of the attorneyship in addition, for the road was fighting for its very life.

The day the verdict was rendered I received the congratulations of the President and Directors as though in a dream. The only thing I distinctly remember is Tom Littleton's face when he grasped my hand until the knuckles cracked, and cried,

"Well done, old fellow! We're proud of you!"

Then I snatched up my hat, rushed out of the suffocating court-room into Webster Street, down past the Post Office, and stopped only when I had entered my own rooms at 4 Pierpont Street, and slammed the door behind me.

I would change my clothes at once and be the first to tell Katharine Sears of my triumph, and tell her, too, that she could prepare for a wedding next month, for I wouldn't wait a day longer. I laughed aloud as I tossed my hat into a chair and stumbled into my dressing-room. My head whirled, the dull roar of a cataract was in my ears, the pictures on the wall danced hither and thither like shadows over restless water. I could see my hand tremble as I untied my cravat. Then I vaguely remembered that I had not eaten a mouthful or closed my eyes for twenty-four hours. I rang the bell and threw myself on the couch to wait for a cup of coffee, but fell asleep.

I was awakened by a sharp pain in my left side and involuntarily placed my hand upon the spot. At that instant I perceived I was in bed. It seemed perfectly natural that I should be there. A sense of comfort thrilled through all my limbs as I stretched

them out between the linen sheets. A thin ray of sunlight slipped into the room between a parted velvet curtain and fell aslant a small painting opposite the foot of the bed. I closed my eyes and opened them again. Yes, it was one of Manet's, a narrow-eyed girl with a yellow putty face and a dress just like the one Mrs. Noah used to wear in the ark that Uncle Jack brought me on my third birthday. I hated Manet; I had no patience with the people who raved about him. How did such a thing get into my room?

My room! I sat up in bed and looked around. In one corner stood a Louis Quinze dressing table, delicately inlaid with mother-of-pearl and covered with silver toilet articles. I had never owned a piece of silver in my life, except my match box. On the floor was a dark blue carpet and before the two great windows that reached from the ceiling down hung dark blue velvet curtains caught back by blue and gold cord just enough to show the curtain of lace behind. But, as I looked from the Dresden china clock on the mantel back to Manet's picture on the wall, a strange sense of familiarity seemed to grow upon me. Manet's modeling was fine after all, wasn't it? I was glad I had bought the picture, although Madame did think I had paid an exorbitant price for it.

I lay back on the pillows again and pulled the bed clothes up to my neck with a sense of satisfaction. As I did so I caught sight of my hand. It was short and square and on the back were many fine, black hairs. Strange, and yet not strange. Byron Rumford's hand was long and as hairless as a woman's. I raised my fingers and mechanically stroked a short, silky beard, and yet I knew, in some far-off way, that Byron Rumford had never worn a beard. Who was I, anyway? I knew perfectly well that I was Monsieur Danté D'Aubigny, that I was in the front room on the second floor of 32 rue de Clichy, Paris, and that as certainly as I pulled the thin red silk cord hanging above my pillow, Madame would come smiling from the next room, where perhaps she had been waiting an hour, and that five minutes later Jacques would come up with my coffee and rolls. I knew that I had been ill, that I was better, and that the doctor had promised I could go out today. But, behind it all was the ego of Byron Rumford, and Byron Rumford was reading Monsieur D'Aubigny's brain as he would read the record of a phonograph.

It was not a pleasant thing to read — in fact, it was rather ugly. I knew Monsieur D'Aubigny's friends, I knew what he did yesterday and what he did the day before, I knew all about that shady little trick on the Bourse last winter when Monsieur pocketed a million francs and Madame's brother committed suicide. Monsieur rarely saw Madame without thinking of it. He thought of it now, as a shutter was opened in the next room. The thought was uncomfortable.

"Bah! the man was a fool, and deserved no better."

Monsieur's conscience was elastic. He was clever, other people were stupid, that was all. He dominated from sheer force of will. From a boy he had been able to make people do his bidding. He had boasted of it till that American, that Rumford, had laughed at him. "Mon Dieu! but Monsieur Rumford should pay for that laugh!"

I, Byron Rumford, read all this and more, in Monsieur D'Aubigny's brain. I cannot explain it; I can only state the facts. You may believe them or not as you please.

The pain in my left side came again. I raised Monsieur D'Aubigny's hand and pulled the red silk cord. Almost instantly a door on the right opened softly, and Monsieur D'Aubigny's wife, in a simple morning gown of white muslin and lace, entered the room. About the corners of her mouth deep care-lines had settled and her dark hair was prematurely gray, though in the delicate coloring of her cheek and the warmth of light in her candid blue eyes the caressing touch of youth still lingered. In her presence Monsieur experienced a singular sense of insignificance and rarely ventured to meet her gaze directly.

"You slept late this morning, Danté," she said, touching Monsieur's brow lightly with her lips.

"You were hoping, no doubt, that it would be forever," sneered Monsieur D'Aubigny's voice, in perfect French.

I was speaking, but I was saying just what Monsieur would have said, and I knew I was a brute.

Madame flushed, but made no reply as she walked to the window and pulled apart the curtains. Then Jacques came, as I knew he would come, with a silver tray and a dainty service of Sèvres.

I drank the coffee and ate the rolls with relish.

"How long have I slept?" asked I.

"Since early last evening," Madame replied, turning to leave the room.

"Bah! I must hurry. Send Jacques back at once."

I dressed in Monsieur D'Aubigny's clothes, and Monsieur D'Aubigny's eyes stared back at me when I looked into the mirror. They were masterful, beautiful, tiger-brown eyes. Byron Rumford had always admired and distrusted them.

Having finished dressing I went into the library, picked up a volume of de Musset's poems from the table, and sat down by the window to wait for the doctor. I felt quite well, better than I had felt for weeks.

The doctor, a near-sighted little man in gray tweed, looked at me curiously as he came in, felt my pulse, and inspected my tongue.

"If Monsieur will take care of himself," said he, "he will probably not have one of these heart attacks again for some time."

After he left I wrote a half dozen business letters, signed a check for Madame and received Monsieur's friends, who came to congratulate me upon my recovery. That afternoon I drove with Madame in the Bois. I remember how fresh and fine the air was, the March wind blowing the clouds away and bringing with it the first promise of spring.

It was six o'clock before we got back to 32 rue de Clichy, and I had hardly entered the house before a strange tingling drowsiness began to creep over me from head to foot. That was the beginning of those sudden periods of unconsciousness that puzzled the learned doctors of Paris, and finally resulted in Monsieur D'Aubigny's death. I remember getting to my room with Jacques' assistance, but I knew nothing more until a hand shook me roughly by the shoulder, and Tom Littleton's voice smote upon my deadened hearing.

"Wake up, old man, you've slept long enough. It's time you had something to eat."

"What time is it?" I yawned.

"Time? why it's eleven o'clock and you've slept since yesterday afternoon at three."

I sat bolt upright and stared at Tom without speaking. I was

dressed just as when I had thrown myself on the couch, and my necktie had fallen on the floor beside me. I stooped mechanically and picked it up.

"Ugh," I said, "I've had a beastly dream. I'm glad you waked me up."

"Here, drink this coffee," and Tom pushed a cup of steaming brown liquid into my hand. "You won't think of dreams when you get that down. I came in to see about you yesterday afternoon, but found you sound asleep. Thought I wouldn't worry you, as I knew you were worn out, so I just covered you with a rug and left. Kitty wouldn't rest until I came around again this morning." He always called her "Kitty," much to my disgust. I suppose, being her cousin, he thought he had a right to. "She's worried to death about you. Wouldn't let me tell her a word about the case; said she was going to wait to hear it all from you. You're the hardest fellow to wake up I ever saw. I shook my wrist nearly out of joint," and Tom rubbed the injured member ruefully.

I got up, shook my legs and put the empty cup on the dressing table.

"Go into the sitting-room and wait," said I, "while I take a bath and spruce up. I won't keep you long."

Tom went out. It was good to hear him whistling in the next room. Thank fortune I was Byron Rumford, and that it was only a dream. But all the time I was dressing I couldn't help thinking of Monsieur D'Aubigny. I had met him five years ago in Paris, when I spent two years there studying international law to satisfy a hobby of my father, who expected his only son to make the family name famous. "I want you to do what I couldn't," he used to say, so I pegged away in Paris, though I must confess, at first without much heart in the work. Monsieur D'Aubigny came often to the lectures at the Sorbonne and, as our way home lay for some distance in the same direction, we struck up a chance acquaintance. I did not care much for him. He was too domineering, too conscious of his own powers. He never walked with me after I made him angry once at a café. It was in an unpretentious little place on the rue de Seine, a favorite haunt of English and American students, and four or five of us, with D'Aubigny in the midst, were seated in one corner about a bare marble table,

drinking and smoking. D'Aubigny had been drinking more freely than the rest and was in one of his most boastful moods.

"You see, gentlemen," he cried, as he set his glass slowly on the table, knocked the ashes from his cigar by a dainty movement of the little finger, and threw himself back in his most imperious fashion, "it is all *will*. Will can do anything, if only you have the patience to develop it. I have the patience, then I have the will. I make you, I make anybody, do what I wish."

"You're a hypnotist, then," said I.

He glared at me as though he would strike me dead that minute.

"Monsieur does not understand," said he softly. He reminded me uncomfortably of a tiger about to spring. "I have nothing to do with hypnotism; that is mere child's play, mere humbug. But will, will, can raise the dead! Do you call that hypnotism? I make my will supreme. I bend others as I do my cane, so." He bent his cane until it snapped in two, and threw away the pieces.

"Well, call it what you please," said I laughing. "It's all the same to me, only I'd like to see the man who could make me do what I didn't want to. Perhaps Frenchmen bite easier than Americans."

He turned fairly purple and rose from his seat. I thought he was going to strike me, but he only bowed low and said in a voice that made me grow tense around the heart:

"Monsieur will understand some day. I bid you good evening, gentlemen." Then he took up his hat and left us.

"You've made a mortal enemy of him," drawled a young man.

"Well, I can't help it if I've made an immortal one of him. The wine had gone to my head and my face was flushed. "I'm dead tired of all this talk. Perhaps now he will let us have a chance to see what our wills can do."

My father died soon after that, and I left Paris and returned to San Francisco with the result already related. I hadn't thought of Monsieur D'Aubigny for years and why I should dream of him now was incomprehensible.

With a sense of relief I dismissed him from my thoughts, gave the finishing touch to my toilet, and joined Tom Littleton.

The bright sunlight out of doors, the men and women hastening to and from business, each one a part of the material, work-a-day

world, the busy afternoon in my office, all conspired to dispel any feeling of unreality I may have had. I dined and spent the evening with Katharine Sears, and Monsieur D'Aubigny, with his actions good or bad, was forgotten completely. I came home and went to bed with my mind full of plans for the future, but before turning out the light, set my alarm for eight o'clock.

A gentle breeze blowing across my face caused me to open my eyes. They fell involuntarily upon Manet's picture, hanging against its background of blue and white, and Monsieur D'Aubigny's hand reached up for the small silk cord.

Night after night the same thing occurred. As soon as I fell asleep in San Francisco, I began to live Monsieur D'Aubigny's life in Paris. At first I was interested, then alarmed, then horror-struck. Monsieur D'Aubigny was doing things before which Byron Rumford recoiled.

I dared not speak to Katharine or to Tom about it, for fear they would think I was losing my mind. I began to think myself that my brain had become unbalanced, and I wrote to a friend in Paris, making inquiries about Monsieur D'Aubigny. He told me what I knew already, that Monsieur's frequent fits of unconsciousness were confounding the doctors of Europe.

In the meantime, one night as I was going home, a thought so sudden and dreadful struck me that I reeled like a drunken man and clutched an iron railing for support. Was it possible that Monsieur D'Aubigny took possession of my body while I occupied his? I could not spend another night in uncertainty, and as soon as I had turned on the light in my sitting-room, I telephoned to Tom Littleton that I wanted to see him at once. The good fellow had gone to bed, but a half hour later he came in, gasping and almost out of breath with haste.

"Anything the matter?" he cried.

"I don't know," said I lamely, sitting half-undressed on the side of the bed and feeling like a fool. Then I added shamefacedly, "I want you to do something for me the next three or four nights and not ask any questions. I want you to spend the night in my room and watch me when I sleep."

Tom looked at me with his mouth wide open, then threw back his shock of blond hair and roared.

"Do you want me to rock you to sleep too?" said he.

"Well, of course, if you are not willing—" I began, red and white by turns.

"There, don't get miffed! I'll watch you for a week, if you want me to. But say, Rum, old fellow," he added gravely, "You ought to take a rest; you're working too hard."

"I'm only a little nervous," said I, "and have taken a foolish whim. You'll find cigars and books in the other room, and there is a kettle with plenty of stuff in the cupboard, if you want anything hot and bracing during the night. Tomorrow night I'll try to make you more comfortable."

Then, without another word I turned over, pulled the covering up over my head and went to — Paris.

"Did I say or do anything in my sleep?" I asked the next morning, rather fearfully.

"No, you slept like a dead man, you didn't turn over from the time your head touched the pillow until the alarm went off this morning."

"So Monsieur D'Aubigny confines his amusement to Paris," thought I, and went down to breakfast in gayer spirits than I had had for a month.

But things grew from bad to worse. I could not help what Monsieur DAubigny had done in past years, but could I not control the future of Monsieur's active brain? At first it seemed not. The personality of Monsieur D'Aubigny was directing my actions, and the ego, the soul, that God-given sense of being, whatever psychologists may call it, belonging to Byron Rumford, was too weak to resist. Monsieur's brain was the machinery, the ego of Byron Rumford, the motive power; and Monsieur D'Aubigny, God knows where, with indomitable intelligence, was directing all to his own diabolical ends. Then began a battle between the ego of Byron Rumford in Monsieur D'Aubigny's body and the ego of Monsieur D'Aubigny outside. If I were condemned for the rest of my life to spend a part of every twenty-four hours in another man's body, I would control that body, I would frame the actions and desires of that brain to my will, I would force new lines into that gray matter, which Monsieur D'Aubigny, with all his devil's power, could not eradicate.

In the beginning the odds were uneven. Monsieur had forged so well and so deeply that Byron Rumford again and again succumbed. I felt a subtle strain that, if allowed to increase, might draw me altogether from my own physical being.

My business in San Francisco demanded work for which I was beginning to feel unequal. I grew morose and silent and rarely saw any one besides my clients. My marriage was postponed indefinitely. I could not ask any woman to share this hell with me. It was better to fight alone until one or the other conquered.

Sometimes, in the open light of day, with the bustle of the streets, the jangle of the trolley in my ear, and jolly Tom Littleton at my side, I doubted the reality of my second life, and more than once came near putting myself in the hands of physicians at a sanatorium. It was in one of these moments of unbelief that I drew my chair to my office desk and addressed a letter to Monsieur D'Aubigny, 32 rue de Clichy, Paris. I begged Monsieur to give me a full account of his life for the past two months. I asked pardon for the seeming impertinence, but said that to me this was almost a matter of life or death, and that I felt sure Monsieur would not allow any little differences, that might have occurred between us in the past, to prevent his doing me this favor. I posted the letter myself, then went to see Katharine Sears, for the first time that week. She had gone to Chicago without bidding me good-bye.

I didn't blame her. I knew that she had shown infinite patience, that my conduct had been inexplicable, and that any woman with spirit would and should resent it.

In Paris one morning when Jacques came up with the silver tray, a letter with an American postmark lay caught under the edge of the saucer. I knew what was in the letter when I stretched out Monsieur D'Aubigny's hand for it and when I tore it open with Monsieur D'Aubigny's pudgy fingers. And that same day I wrote an answer in Monsieur's hand-writing and in Monsieur's perfect French. I put Monsieur's brain, Monsieur's body to my own use, and wrote Byron Rumford the full particulars of Monsieur's life for the past two months. I wrote that I, Byron Rumford, was at that moment in Monsieur D'Aubigny's body in Paris while my own lay like dead in San Francisco. But then an irre-

sistible force assailed me. I could not tell whence it came, I only felt it in Monsieur's brain compelling me to write what I did not want to write, as before it had compelled me to do what I did not want to do.

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur Rumford shall pay for that laugh," echoed from one side of that brain to the other, and Monsieur's hand wrote the words at the close of the letter and signed his name.

I knew then, as I know now, that that sentence had been the last thought of Monsieur before he died, for that he died the night my torture began, I did not doubt. In my hour of weakness he had annihilated space and laid hold upon me with a grip of steel. Was I to be hounded, tossed about like a billiard ball, by a man whose spirit wasn't strong enough to animate his own dead body without my help? I threw off Monsieur's green silk dressing-gown and rang for Jacques; as I did so I glanced in the glass. Monsieur D'Aubigny's eyes laughed back at me in derision.

The night following the day that Monsieur's letter reached Byron Rumford in San Francisco, an event occurred in Paris that brought me to a sudden determination.

Monsieur D'Aubigny had concocted a little scheme for making a *coup de maître* at the Bourse, the success of which meant nothing less than utter ruin to a thousand homes in France, and I was to be the motive power, the dynamic force, set to work to execute his devilish purpose, to animate that dead body that ought to have been deep underground three months ago. Resistance seemed futile. My will yielded like water before Monsieur's. I felt myself driven, enveloped, overwhelmed. Still I fought on. If I failed now, what turn might not the ingenious malice of Monsieur take next?

Monsieur was in high spirits the morning of his great *coup*, and he waved his tall silk hat to Madame as he sprang into the carriage and ordered the cocher to drive to the Bourse.

Friend after friend greeted him as he entered the noisy halls, and he shook hands effusively with the very men whose death would quickly follow the ruin he contemplated. Stocks were running high this morning, men were excited, faces flushed, a dip in the London market had sent French consols up three points. Monsieur D'Aubigny steered his way through a sea of waving arms

and struggling bodies, dropping a whisper here and a whisper there as he went. Then a gradual change took place, at first almost imperceptible. There was a tenseness in the air that made a man draw in his breath and stop to think. Some few began to sell, others followed, then suddenly it seemed as though the floodgates of passion were unloosed, and the hall became a pandemonium of raging, howling maniacs.

"God! was I to be a party to this foul thing!"

A fury seized me, the passion of an outraged soul. I drove *my* will straight to the center of Monsieur D'Aubigny's brain, I forced *my* words through Monsieur D'Aubigny's set teeth, I wrenched myself from Monsieur D'Aubigny's body. A rushing swirl of blackness swallowed me.

I was cold; I shivered and opened my eyes. Through the open window the electric light made dimly visible my clothes upon the chair.

"Thank God, I was in my own room at 4 Pierpont Street, and it was night."

I got out of bed, pulled my suit case from the closet, and set to work to pack it for a journey. This thing could go on no longer. I would go to Paris, I would take my body there and fight it out with Monsieur D'Aubigny on his own ground. The conflict in the Bourse had given me courage, but it had also terrified me.

At seven o'clock I telegraphed for a berth on the *Bourgogne*, sailing from New York the following Wednesday, and, without waiting for a reply, took the first express East.

It is needless to tell in detail of that trip. I still occupied Monsieur's body when my own was resting, but since that day at the Stock Exchange it had been more subservient to my will. For the time being Monsieur's personality was held in check.

I reached Boulogne-sur-Mer, and hastened on to Paris by the next train.

At the point where the rue Duhpot cuts diagonally across the rue Richepense and opens into the Boulevard de Madeleine, almost opposite the church of that name, stands the Hotel Richepense, a small, comfortable house, with a proprietor too lethargic to mind anybody's business but his own. Here I engaged a room, thinking it the place where I should be least likely to meet any of

my acquaintances and at the same time be within easy distance of 32 rue de Clichy.

Dinner was served at six, and at eight I was standing before Monsieur D'Aubigny's door. I sent my card up to Madame and was shown into a small reception room decorated with white and gold. How well I knew every portion of it, and of everything else in that house; I knew even on which side of his great brass bedstead Monsieur was lying at that moment.

Madame came in presently, pale, and with the same fine, careworn lines about the mouth and eyes that I knew so well, but very gracious and with words of welcome on her lips. She was glad that I had come. Monsieur had told her about me, had said I might be expected any day.

"He is unconscious now," she added, "I cannot call it sleep, for it is too much like death. Recently his illness has taken a new turn, and his periods of unconsciousness occur in the day instead of at night. Today the time has been longer than usual."

"May I see him?" I asked tentatively.

"Yes," she replied slowly, as though thinking what were best to do. "He said you were to see him if you wished," and she rose to lead the way.

As I followed her up the broad oak stairs I could feel my heart thump against my coat.

Monsieur's door was ajar. Madame entered and turned up the light. It fell straight upon Monsieur's face, and I felt my own grow as pale as the dead man's upon the bed. He was lying on his back, one lifeless hand outside the covering across his breast. His black hair and beard intensified the whiteness of his pallid flesh. The edges of his even teeth protruded from his slightly drawn lips; and from his half-closed lids stared sightless eyes.

I gazed with a kind of fascination, forgetful of the woman at my side, forgetful of aught else save that ghastly thing upon the bed. This, then, was the thing that I must bring to life.

"They say," said Madame softly, "that sometime, in one of these strange seizures, he will die. It is the heart, you know."

"He shall die now, and forever," cried I to myself, but to Madame I made reply, "Had you not told me, I should have thought him dead already."

Madame shuddered and led me from the room. I pitied her, from the bottom of my heart I pitied her, and I cursed the evil thing that sinned against us both. When I bade her good night, I had made the resolve that Monsieur should not come to life again, that I would not sleep until Monsieur D'Aubigny was pronounced dead and was buried. Had I comprehended the full significance of that resolution, had I known beforehand the agony it would cause, I doubt if I should have had the courage to make the attempt.

For a week I did not close my eyes, for a week I fought sleep like a demon, and each day, like a murderer drawn to the scene of his crime, I retraced my steps to 32 rue de Clichy and gazed long and steadfastly upon Monsieur's dead features.

I hunted up every friend I had in Paris; I talked with them, drank with them, gambled with them, and when they would leave, begged them to stay, until they thought I was drunk or mad. Mad I was, mad for sleep! I would have sold my birthright to the meanest newsboy in the street, for one hour of sleep, but I would not yield. I dared not lie down to rest, for I knew that, as surely as I did so, Monsieur D'Aubigny would return to life.

It was August, and the weather, though not hot, was warm. I spent the nights on streets splendidly, gloriously alive with light and mirth. The city sparkled with a million brilliant lights; it was embodied joy, care free and reckless of the morrow. I hated it, and yet I loved it. It grated upon my worn nerves and weary brain — this splendid indifference to the woes of man — but at the same time it was my salvation.

I joined the laughing throngs upon the street, I watched them as I sipped my coffee before one café after another, I followed them to the music and dancing of the Champs Elysées. Once I went to the Opéra, but the deadly stupor in the air, ere it was half over, drove me out again into the street. Once, while I sat amidst the glow of a thousand fairy lamps, music, laughter and song on every side, my head fell forward on the table and Monsieur D'Aubigny's hand sought, surreptitiously as it were, for the small red cord. Then the band struck into a swinging march, and the waiter pulled me up by the shoulder. I stared at him a moment, then throwing down twice my reckoning, rushed out

bareheaded under the cool, green trees. I raved, I swore, I beat my head with my fists, then threw myself face downward on the moist grass and prayed.

The fourth day came — and now I couldn't sleep. My eyes, burning in their sockets like hot coals, were sunken and blood-shot, my feet were swollen and my limbs ached like a tooth; streaks of white showed plainly in my hair. But my mind was clear and my determination unshaken. Would they never think Monsieur dead enough to bury?

People began to notice me, some with pity, others with contempt. An old gentleman passed me in the Café de la Paix, hesitated, turned, and came back.

"My son," said he in soft Provençal, laying upon my shoulder a firm white hand, "It is yet time. Better let the vile thing alone."

I looked up at him with wide-open, speechless eyes. With a look of infinite pity he turned away, and I let him go; but when it was too late I ran after him, searching vainly through the crowd to tell him I was not the wretched being he took me for.

On the afternoon of the fifth day I called, as was my wont, at the house in the rue de Clichy. Jacques opened the door. Madame asked to be excused, said he, Monsieur's funeral would be to-morrow at three.

I bounded down the steps, threw my hat into the air, and ran headlong around the corner into the arms of a gendarme. It took the best French I could muster and a twenty-franc piece to boot, before I could get away. This taught me to confine any undue hilarity to my own room.

The next afternoon at three, dressed in my best, I escorted Monsieur to Père Lachaise, where, in a black velvet casket covered with bead flowers, he was safely deposited in a florid marble vault to await the time when Madame could conveniently convey him to lie among the ashes of his ancestors. I saw the iron grating locked and bolted, I saw Madame place the key in her pocket and drive away.

"An extra two francs," cried I to a cocher, "to get me to the Hotel Richepense in half an hour!"

The maître d'Hotel, with a napkin over his arm, met me at

the door. He regarded me curiously, but I didn't care. I was free!

"Will Monsieur dine at home this evening?"

"I don't want any dinner. I've eaten enough for the past six days to last me a month. I'm going to sleep, and I don't want to be disturbed for twenty-four hours — twenty-four hours, do you hear?" and I thrust a five-franc piece into his itching palm.

"Oui, oui Monsieur. If Monsieur wants anything he can ring. I will send up the garçon immediately, at once."

I ran up stairs, two steps at the time.

"Of course now that I want to sleep, I suppose I can't," I grumbled, as I tossed my clothes to right and left. But I had not been in bed ten minutes before the blue daisies on the wall paper faded out of sight and my exhausted body sank into a deep sleep.

"Bah! how cold and damp and dark it was. The weather must have changed." I raised my hand to pull the thin red cord, and came with a dull thud against hard, smooth wood.

Where was I? What did this awful blackness mean, this chill that sunk to the marrow of one's bones? Cold sweat stood out upon my brow, I struggled to burst asunder the barriers that bound, oppressed, stifled me on every side. Then Byron Rumford got the mastery, and Monsieur D'Aubigny's body lay quiet and Monsieur's brain obeyed the will of Monsieur's enemy.

So this was to be the end, I thought bitterly; and then, in the midst of my despair, a fierce joy surged through all my veins. Monsieur, in spite of his will, could not unlock those iron doors, could not even hurl his black prison house from its wide stone shelf. I was there, I must suffer, but, thank God, I could do no harm. I had imagined that if Monsieur's body were buried I should be free, but I had failed to measure the extent of Monsieur's vindictive will.

As I lay there, waiting passively for release, I thought of a story of Poe's that I had read years ago. It was about a man who, in delirium on shipboard, imagined himself buried alive. I remembered with what a thrill of horror I read the story, and that was fiction. How pale and shallow it was beside this monstrous reality. I knew, by some vast, intuitive knowledge that, as surely as the myriad stars shone in the blue-black sky above, as surely as

the soft breezes of a summer night brushed the green branches of the swaying cypress against the arched marble of my tomb overhead, I was doomed to return each night to this loathsome sepulchre; that whether in the icy limits of the farthest pole, or in the depths of some primeval forest of the central zone, when the body of Byron Rumford lay down to rest, the spirit of Byron Rumford, in the misty border land between life and death, would obey Monsieur's hellish summons. For hours I lay in torture. Monsieur would have me suffer to the full. When finally the force of natural law brought me again to Hotel Richepense, it was noon of the second day after Monsieur's funeral.

I plunged into a cold bath, then rang for breakfast. As I dressed, a plan began to shape itself in my mind, vaguely at first, then with sudden and startling definiteness. Why not get rid of Monsieur's body? Why not destroy it altogether and at once? But how, how in a place like Père Lachaise, guarded by night and day, could a man alone and unaided get that body? And after he got it what could he do with it?

I dressed and went out into the street. Involuntarily my steps turned toward the Seine. I crossed it mechanically by the Pont Neuf, and, turning to my left, walked rapidly away from the Isle de Cité. Suddenly I stopped. I had come to the region of the "Sansculottes," the haunts of those latent passions that ever swell and heave beneath the watchful hand of law.

Within a stone's throw of the quay, and overshadowed by a tall tenement on the right, a shabby, gable-roofed wine shop seemed to strive to hide itself from view. Gold and blue letters above the door told the passer-by that the "Chien de Garde" was open at all hours day or night. Yes, that was the place. Two small deal tables, that once had been white, but were now spotted with blotches of stale wine, stood on either side the open door. I drew up a blue painted chair to one of them and called for a bottle of the *vin du pays*. A girl of sixteen, down at the heels, but delicately limbed, brought the wine. As she placed the bottle on the table, I made a slight motion with the middle finger of my left hand. She started, then quickly putting down the glass, reentered the shop without a word. Presently a man in his shirt sleeves came out and sat down at the table on the other side of the

door. He did not look at me, but I knew he was conscious of my presence. I coughed. He turned his head, then continued to sip his thin, red liquid from a broken glass and stared meditatively out upon the quay.

"A dangerous place for children to play," said I, nodding toward a group of bare-legged urchins romping near the edge of the water.

"They sometimes fall in," said he, without turning his head, and continued to sip his wine.

"And drown," said I.

"Petit Ami didn't drown."

"Ah, no, Petit Ami did not drown, but why?"

The man wiped the wine from his moustache with a greasy handkerchief, twisted his chair until it made deep grooves in the damp gravel, and faced me.

"Ah, Monsieur would know the story? Petit Ami was little, he was four years old, he was my only son. One day we hear a cry, the children shriek, my wife runs to the quay, she see one little red shoe on the black water and then nothing. I know not what to do, I wring my hands, I tear my hair, I try to jump into that black water, but men hold me back. I kick them, I bite them, but they will not let me go. Then I hold my breath, I keep quiet. I see a tall man toss his coat in the face of a gendarme, throw his arms above his head, and jump. Ah, Monsieur, it was magnificent, it was sublime! He come up out of the black water, that American, and he put Petit Ami's little cold body in his mother's arms, and then he turned to go away without a word. But I would not let him. Mon Dieu, I am not like a woman. He is a hero. I pull him into my shop. I kiss his hands, I kiss his feet. He blush, but he pity me. 'Ah, Monsieur,' I cry, 'You save my son, my only son. When you are in trouble come to me.' I am wise; and I give him a sign. When he comes, Mon Dieu, but I will keep my promise."

"I have come," said I.

He brushed the black, dank hair back from his sallow brow.

"Come with me," said he, and entered the dingy wineshop. It was empty.

He led me to a tiny room in the rear with one small, square

window of ground glass, and shut and locked the door. He motioned me to the one chair, and balanced himself on the table.

"We are safe here," said he, "tell me. We ask no questions; it is our code."

"There is a dead man in Père Lachaise who was buried day before yesterday. I want that man's body. I want to destroy it, to destroy it utterly. I pray you to help me," said I, going straight to the point.

"It is a hard thing you ask me, Monsieur. I must think. But, if it can be done, we can do it. I will tell you a secret. You are honest, you fear not death, you hate the gendarme. We are twenty thousand strong in Paris, Monsieur, Apachés they call us, and the police fear us more than they fear the law, though they know not one of us. It is a grand brotherhood, Monsieur. We are above the law, we despise it, we spurn it!" He leaned forward until his unshaven face almost touched my cheek. "We are everywhere, we know everything, and when we die, we die with closed lips. It is a mystery. You will see. When the clock strikes twelve tonight be at the gate of Père Lachaise and walk toward the right. It is better that at present you know nothing more. Now, go!" And without another word he sent me away, with a mixture of confidence and uncertainty in my breast.

That night at twelve, nervously glancing to right and left, I passed the gate of Père Lachaise. A shadow crept out from an angle of the wall, followed me, passed me, and went on ahead. With my heart beating like a sledge hammer at every step, I, in my turn, followed. The shadow skirted the wall to the left and I did the same. Soon a second shadow glided out from the darkness, joined the first and moved on. We left the lights of the boulevards and the teeming streets far behind. Then the wall turned abruptly and a great stone support jutting out at right-angles, cast a broad, deep shadow. The two figures stopped and I caught up with them. One was the father of Petit Ami, but he said not a word. A third man, with a bag over his shoulder, rose out of space and silently took his place beside us. The father of Petit Ami took off his shoes and with the end of a rope between his teeth scrambled up the wall like a cat. When he had gained the top, he fastened the rope to something I could not see and gave

a low hiss. Immediately I felt myself grasped firmly and lifted upon the shoulders of a man, and instinctively I clutched the rope dangling by the side of the wall. A moment later I dropped on the other side. The man with the bag joined us.

It was very dark. A fine rain had fallen all the afternoon and had soaked the hedges and the long grass. Bending low among the tall shrubs, knocking showers of water from the dripping branches of the trees, wet to the skin, we felt our way from path to path, stopping now and then behind some weather-beaten tomb to listen. Only the drip of the rain and our own heavy breathing broke the deathly stillness. Silently, fearfully, we stood at last before Monsieur's sepulchre, that suddenly rose out of the darkness like a great ghost.

The father of Petit Ami unlocked the massive iron gate as though the key he used had been made for the purpose. We went in and pulled the door shut after us. The man with the bag thrust something into my hand. I knew by the feeling that it was a tiny lantern. I pulled the slide, and a dim flicker of light fell upon Monsieur's coffin. The man fished a screw-driver from the bag and set to work, while I held the lantern. Not a ray was visible from outside, I knew, for there was only sufficient light to see each screw by itself.

"Ah, but Monsieur's coffin was well screwed," thought I, and I trembled lest dawn should find us yet at work. But so dextrously, so swiftly was it done, that in ten minutes the top of Monsieur's velvet-covered casket was fastened as tightly as before and Monsieur's body was head-downward in the sack.

Crouching under the shelter of a dense hedge of box, we listened to the steady tread of the guard coming nearer and nearer. The footsteps stopped opposite our hiding place a moment, then passed on, but more slowly than before, it seemed to me. Cautiously we began to thread our way back, the man with the heavy sack over his shoulders keeping between.

I felt as though I were a partner in some black and fearful crime of the middle ages, and should not have been surprised to feel the sharp prick of a dagger between my shoulder blades. I was a criminal before the law, and these, my comrades, belonged to the great fraternity of crime.

We had almost reached the wall, and I began to breathe more freely. Once outside, the rest would be plain sailing. Suddenly every drop of blood in my body seemed to congeal, and it was with difficulty that I kept myself from shrieking aloud. A heavy hand had fallen on my shoulder and held me like a vise.

"Hist!" whispered the voice of Petit Ami's father, "We are followed!"

The man with the bag had disappeared.

I listened, but could hear nothing.

"They are on the right," whispered the voice again. "Put your hand on my shoulder and follow. It is better to try to make the wall."

I obeyed blindly. The wet branches cut my face, but I bowed my head and plunged on. The black outline of the huge wall loomed before us. Again I was lifted up. This time the rope was more difficult to find, as I could not see it. I got hold of it at last, however, and was on the point of swinging my leg over the wall when a voice shouted from below,

"Here they are! Fire!"

Then, as a shot rang out, I dropped suddenly fifteen feet to the ground without the wall, and a man on top of me.

No sooner had I touched the ground than I was seized, thrust into a closed carriage and blind-folded. My first impulse was to resist, but the voice I had learned to trust whispered:

"It is all right, Monsieur," and I knew that with Petit Ami's father I need have no fear. I put my hand out on the seat beside me, but drew it back instantly with a shudder. It had come in contact with the surface of a coarse canvas bag.

"Lean back as far in the corner as you can," said the wine merchant; then added with a chuckle, "That was one of the closest shaves I ever had in my life. In the darkness we must have got nearer to them than we thought."

It seemed to me that we drove miles and miles before the carriage stopped. A breeze against my cheek and the soft lap of water told me that I was near the river. With a man on either side I was guided down a flight of steep, uneven stone steps, then another and another. The air smelt damp and unwholesome and I felt a drop of water on my forehead. On and on we stumbled,

then a door creaked as though on rusty hinges, and we crossed the threshold. Some one jerked the handkerchief from my eyes, and I staggered back from a fierce glare of light and heat. The fiery blast of a huge furnace illumined the low stone cell and dried the moisture that would otherwise have dripped from the mildewed walls.

"We are under the river," said Petit Ami's father.

I nodded.

"Bring the sack."

With my own hands I took out Monsieur D'Aubigny's body. I thrust it, clothes and all, into that surging, molten mass. The blue tongues licked it up hungrily, and with the wild exultation of a fiend I watched it burn to ashes.

It was over, and Petit Ami's father led me away, and there, in the back room behind the wine shop, I fell upon the floor; but as I sank into a dreamless sleep, the agony of scorching heat swept over me from head to foot.

And so, each night, recurs the reminder of Monsieur's vengeance, though of late growing less distinct, until with the passing years, it promises to vanish altogether, leaving me only a memory. But what matter to me this fleeting sensation of the nerves! Let it go or stay! I am free, free, free!

The next ship that sailed from Boulogne-sur-Mer bore me away from the shores of France forever, and two weeks thereafter I pleaded my cause anew with Katharine Sears.

I have told my wife everything, and although she cannot understand, any more than I can, she believes what I say, and what more can a man ask?

The Man Who Bet His Pockets.*

BY DON MARK LEMON.

E had bet his pockets, and lost. There was nothing of value in them at the time. What trifles there were — a few coins, knife, handkerchief, memorandum book, and cigars — he had retained. The bet had been made over the height of a building. His friend had stated it to be ninety-eight feet four inches, while he had declared it only eighty.

"Bosh!" exclaimed his friend, "I know its exact height. It is ninety-eight feet four inches to the top of that cornice."

"I'll bet it's just eighty feet."

"Nonsense!"

"Will you bet?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I'll bet a hundred dollars against" — the friend considered a moment — "against your pockets."

"You mean what's in 'em?"

"No; just your pockets."

"What do you mean?"

"It is ridiculous for you to dispute my statement of the building's height, so I shall make the terms of the wager ridiculous. If I win, you can never again wear a pocket in any of your clothes; if I lose, you get the hundred dollars."

"Done!"

When measured the building proved to be exactly ninety-eight feet four inches in height. A story had been added some time before, and Henley had failed to notice that fact. He had estimated the height of the building as originally erected. His friend had placed a bid for building the additional story.

* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The following day Henley appeared on the streets in a suit of clothes without a pocket, and began life over.

His watch and chain were suspended from a button on his vest, while he carried his handkerchief, bill-fold and cigars in his hat. At the first corner he met a lady acquaintance, lifted his hat, and spilled its contents to the sidewalk. The lady stared and passed on, while Henley returned his belongings to his derby and swore. He bought a newspaper, and then glared at the change for a dollar bill, saying, "I've no place to carry the stuff."

He hurried away from the crowd that gathered to scuffle for the coins, took a cigar from his hat and chewed the unlighted weed viciously. He had no matchbox!

As the shadows lengthened his temper grew worse, and by nightfall he was in the dangerous mood of an outcast from society.

His bald head was chafed from the rubbings of the bill-fold, and bits of cigar-wrapping irritated the raw parts painfully.

The next day he sallied forth with nothing in his derby but his head, for which he had suddenly taken a deep dislike, and when he felt the need of a handkerchief to mop his sweltering forehead, he stepped into a store and bought a paper napkin. His money he carried in a bill-fold in his hand.

"I was a fool to bet my pockets!" he snarled. "But who'd have thought a man couldn't live without pockets. I might as well be a woman and carry a handbag!"

The following day a crook attempted to pick Henley's pockets, while that gentleman was endeavoring to lose his miserable identity in a crowd at a fire. The thief failed wholly in his attempt, and when caught in the act by a police officer and hustled away to the station-house, with Henley cited along as a witness, he put up the novel defense that he could not be held for attempting to pick the pockets of a man who had no pockets.

This defense did not save the crook, but it instantly made Henley famous as the man without a pocket, and to the inconvenience of his pocketless state was added the annoyance of notoriety.

He could not go anywhere without being pointed out as a freak, and a comic opera was written and staged, and a two hundred page sensational novel placed on the market, on the strength of the newspaper notoriety given the subject.

His friend refused to release him from the bet, so he packed his trunk, and with the brass check in his hat sought to lose himself in the great southwest. But his pocketless state followed him as unmercifully as the noisy Australian jackass bird follows a fleeing convict, and everywhere made him an object of curious and vexatious interest.

With his revolver in his belt and a dozen Mexican dollars in his boots, he fled into southern Arizona. Here at first he kept his tobacco pouch in the band of his broad-brimmed sombrero, but whenever the boys were out of the weed they would playfully shoot a smoke from his hat, and as the bullets tickled his bald head, he kept his tobacco in his hat-band no longer but suspended it from a string around his neck.

Later, he was reported to have joined a tribe of reservationless Indians, but having no pocket in which to keep a pack of playing cards, or a bottle of bad whiskey, he was expelled from the tribe.

His state was now so low that even the newspaper men lost track of him, and for a long time nothing authentic was learned of the man who had foolishly bet his pockets.

But one day, not long since, Henley's friend, who had won the odd wager, happened to be passing through the Mexican capital, and there, at a tobacconist's, observed a petticoated purchaser of a cigar acting in a peculiar manner, as if anxious to avoid notice, even in a locality where many women smoke.

It was the handbag awkwardly carried that first attracted his attention, and a closer look convinced him that it was no other than the unfortunate pocketless victim of his bet, whom he now felt willing to release from his onerous obligations, and Henley is now again in the States, a happy man, wearing a new suit of male apparel, having a double supply of pockets in every garment.

The Forest's Own.*

BY VIOLET MELVILLE.

HE came into this troublesome world with two brothers in adversity in the heart of a forest.

At first his range of interest did not extend beyond the nest, but on the eleventh day of his existence he uncurled himself slowly, stretched, yawned, and awoke to the outer world. His little round eyes blinked weakly in the half-light, but between the blinks they peered curiously in all directions, taking note of his surroundings, and when he had completed his survey he waddled forth very deliberately over the edge of the nest into the wonderful forest world.

For many days his life was the life of an ordinary domestic kitten, with nothing to record but a kitten's winsome grace and mischievous instincts. But this period did not long endure.

One morning his mother discovered him sitting in a tangle of undergrowth, his eyes fixed steadily on a single blood-red blossom that was swinging back and forth in the breeze, just out of reach.

The change in those eyes was quite remarkable — now. Their neutral bluish-green had turned slowly to a clear amber, and far down in their subdued yellow blaze an orange fire came and went to the swinging of the flower. It was the Tiger's nature gleaming out from the Cub's half-closed eyes.

Many were the journeys he took after that, and each one stretched further and further beyond the reach of the maternal paw, until at length he would be absent whole hours at a time. He wandered to and fro in the heart of the wild, and by the voice of the night, and in the semi-gloom of her stifling vegetation the Forest spoke to her child and taught him. He could feel the strange stirring of savage impulses in him that he did not understand, and would lie with his muzzle on his crossed paws, as he

*Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved. The writer of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending October 12, 1904.

had seen his mother do, for hours, straining his ears to catch the message that the forest sounds held for him. And suddenly one day he understood, and the cruel nature dormant in him stirred — and awoke.

A little, red-breasted bird hopping from twig to twig caught his eyes. It was the scarlet on its breast that first attracted him, for he remembered that it was also the color of the wild flower he had coveted, and, now as then, the orange fire began to smoulder in the depth of his yellow eyes, and ever as he looked, the lust of blood grew on him, and, obedient to the voice of his instinct, he composed himself to wait. It did not seem a very savage thing to do, but only those who have seen a cat watching for the hapless mouse it is going to destroy can understand the untiring, remorseless certainty of that patient waiting. Hour upon hour passed, and scarcely a muscle moved, and the unblinking eyes never wandered for a second's space from their prey. Wherever it fluttered they followed to bring it back by the power of their resistless magnetism. To bring it back, and to draw it down, branch by branch, to the death that crouched below. It came by inches, twittering a frightened protest as it hopped lower and lower, and the terrible eyes watched with the orange light concentrated to two tiny points of fire. Then, suddenly, the end was upon it! — and an accurate stroke of the uplifted paw silenced the last terrified "Chir-r-r-rup" in the little feathered throat.

Long afterwards, when he was a full-grown tiger, and far nobler prey had fallen before him, he recalled that first little victim with a thrill of pride, for he knew that he had killed it, not because he was hungry, but just for the pleasure of hearing that strangled cry, and of drawing his claws through the quivering flesh.

When the tiger was about four months old he became conscious of a new element astir in his forest home. There were some altogether peculiar features about this element, and the denizens of the forest had each and all some wonderful tales to tell of it. Birds sang of it in popular airs, and the squirrels chattered aloud in their dread, and the monkeys screamed across from tree to tree the latest disasters, and the wily zorro moved her house regularly once a week. It became unsafe for any to venture forth by day, and, for that matter, to remain at home. The chiefs and elders of

many families, and the roaming younger sons, went out in health and strength, never to return, overtaken by the unknown power in some unguarded moment. It was said of this power that it came whistling out of leafy haunts and flew on its way with the speed of thought, and great and small went down before it, a few with wild struggles and cries, but most suddenly and silently, as leaves fall from a tree.

The cub pondered much upon this phenomenon, rejecting, with the arrogance of youth, his mother's theory about the great animal, Man. His mother had some wonderful tales to tell of this peculiar genus of the race of animals, but none of them in the cub's estimation seemed adequate to the occasion, so he watched and waited, and thought himself very clever.

Someone else was also watching and waiting, and so it came to pass that one day he heard the invisible destruction come whistling through the quivering reeds where he lay in hiding, and of a sudden he was rolling upon the earth, dabbled in his own blood. Much that ensued was misty and incomprehensible to the cub. After several minutes, when his struggles had partially ceased, a huge, two-legged creature parted the meshwork of undergrowth with a cautious hand, and on seeing him shouted out to another two-legged monster like himself to "come there right away." Together they bound his three legs — the fourth was broken — muzzled him, and bore him out into the open day, where everything was new and horribly strange to him. In the forest he was quoted for some days as the latest example of the terrible power of this invisible danger.

At first the cub raved round the tree where he was chained, and tore the splints from his broken foot, and the straw from the box where he slept. He clawed great furrows in the bark of the tree, and flew at everything within reach, because he was young, and the philosophy of resignation was a closed book to him. His captors let him rave, hurting his foot and galling his neck with the strong chain that held him. They were accustomed to see this madness in the wild creatures they trapped, and they knew that it would wear itself out when he became convinced that he hurt himself most of all, and this was just what happened. Then the cub sulked, leaving his food untouched, and lying hour upon hour mo-

tionless unless someone approached him, when the angry tail would lash the air, and the gleaming claws spring, as by magic, from the velvet paws.

But as the days slipped into weeks, bringing no change, or hope of change, the cub began to pine in earnest, and his captors became concerned at last, for there was always the danger that he might fret to death. When he thought himself unwatched he would rise and gaze towards the forest with longing eyes, or at sundown, when the short, still twilight was dying and the baboons barked in the border-lands, he would spring up, the yellow eyes ablaze, for one brief second forgetful till the pull of the chain on his neck recalled him and he sank back into the old, dull apathy.

"Poor devil!" said Marshall to his companion one evening, after witnessing the action from the tent door, "I wonder what wild dream of freedom, stealing through the forest soft-footed upon his prey, crossed that cub's brain just now?"

And the companion shrugged his shoulders, for who could tell?

Weeks passed, and the cub tried hard to die, but the young life was too strong within him, and he lived, sullenly tolerant of this constraint and always with the burning hope that some day he would elude them, perhaps even break that hated chain, and speed back — gliding low to the ground with long, soundless strides — into the beloved, trackless forest whence they had torn him.

A year passed, and still the tiger was a captive. He could hardly be called a cub now, for in a twelvemonth he had grown into a magnificent brute of exceptional beauty of size and sinew, which his captivity seemed in no wise to have blighted. He had also developed in wisdom, and had become — not contented, no! — one had but to look in the inscrutable shining eyes to realize that he was not born to subside into unambitious, ignominious contentment with his lot — but neither was he the rebellious cub who had bruised his neck with the white man's fetter, and almost eaten out his heart in vain desires after freedom. This was another creature, masking his real nature behind a lazy ease of movement, veiling the fierce fire in his eyes for days together, and estranging himself behind a barrier of indifference which was incomprehensible, and therefore to be distrusted.

"A fellow can't tell," said Marshall, "Hang it all! he seems

tame enough, and yet he hasn't got the looks of a humble captive about him. Whatever I may think at other times, I can never meet those steady, soft eyes of his without a shiver, they're too steady and too soft, you see, though I shall admire them behind the bars in the Zoo, if we ever get them there."

The hunters had moved farther away from the forest, and, the tiger being so tame, it was deemed safe at times to let him run loose when the men were about. He would answer to a call, and so made himself very useful in the catching of small animals, where his duties were those of a trained leopard. As time passed he became quite an ally in the chase, and his proficiency lured the men into taking him out after big game. His sole rival on these occasions was Nero, the camp dog, and after each hunting performance the enmity waxed more deadly.

"The tug of war will come some fine day," prophesied Marshall to his comrade, "Though the Lord only knows what harm a poor old cuss like Nero can do to Tigre."

"Natural antipathy of race — inherited from whole generations," replied the other.

"Then how about us? The same theory should hold good."

"And are you fool enough to think it doesn't? Can you picture that beautiful devil being on square, honest terms with any man?"

Marshall shook his head. "Yet so far ——" he ventured.

"Yes, but 'so far' isn't the end."

One evening they were sitting at the tent door, and the tiger was lying in his chain, apparently asleep, when Nero began to bark furiously and, looking up, the men saw a full-grown stag standing like a creature dazed some twenty yards away. Chased out of the forest by one enemy, it had fled here to meet another, for, almost before they had sighted it, a savage roar caused them both to spring to their feet in time to see the tiger bound past them without touching the ground, and set off in pursuit of the deer. The mighty muscles had broken the bitter bond at last, and he was free!

The men mounted and rode forestwards, still thinking of the tiger as the animal they had tamed and trained, and never doubting but that he would return as always, when he had killed his prey. Far off on the level land were discernible two black specks that were fast losing themselves in forest gloom.

"I guess that this is the finish," said Marshall, but they still rode on. When night fell they abandoned the search and returned to the camp without their captive, but by dawn next morning they were riding out with the hope of seeing him prowling near by. They scoured the pastures with no result, and then entered the forest for their regular hunt, looking hither and thither, where the vegetation permitted it, for the tiger, and seeing him not.

Returning home at sundown, after their long day, Marshall whistled for Nero, whom they had purposely left behind, but there was no answering bark.

"Strange!" commented the other, and they quickened their pace. When they neared the tent they ceased to wonder, for, ten feet away from the door, lay a shapeless, mangled mass of flesh and bones, and that was Nero.

One word shaped itself simultaneously on their lips — "Tigre." They crossed to the tent, side by side, and at the door halted, for as Marshall's hand stirred the flap there came from within a low, guttural snarl, new to both of them, yet not to be misunderstood.

"There's just one thing for it now," said Marshall as he drew his revolver. "I did not want to shoot him after fighting him so long, but I guess I've got to." He swept the tent flap aside, and at that instant the great body, which had been gathering itself together for a spring, shot past him in the narrow opening, lashing him with its tail. They listened for the soft thud when he fell to earth, and the muffled footfalls that followed, dying almost instantly away into the hot silence of the tropical night. Then Marshall let the tent flap fall, and laughed a little, jarring laugh, which his companion echoed.

So it was that the forest reclaimed her child, calling to him with a voice that never wearied through all his captivity. And sometimes in the long English twilights Marshall thinks of the animals they caught and tamed, and then of one who was never wholly subdued, and he pictures him in many ways, but the last dream of him is always as roaming the Costa Rican forest and hunting the baboons that bark when the sun goes down.

The Wiles of Women.*

BY DONALD DOUGLASS.

HOUSAIN and Fatima lived in distant Persia, at Teheran, the capital.

Housain had brought his bride from a somewhat distant village, where he had lived before he became a servant of the owner of the village and followed him to his city home.

The place which he was able to prepare for his bride was very simple, though not singular for people of their position in life. From the narrow street you passed through a gateway in a wall into a court about thirty feet square, paved with cobble stones. On one side of this court were two rooms. The floor of one — the living room — was partially covered with a carpet. The only article that looked like furniture was the large chest in which the bride's clothing had been packed when she had left her father's house for her husband's. In a niche, which resembled a doorway, was piled the bedding which, spread at night on the floor, made their bed, and smaller niches about the room contained the few utensils of house-keeping needed in their simple life — such as a tea-pot, tea glasses, a sugar-bowl, etc. The other room was the kitchen and contained nothing but the brick range and a few cooking utensils.

Poor Fatima, accustomed to the freedom and companionship of her native village, found herself very lonely in this great city, left alone all day by her husband and neglected by the neighbors. She could not read, she could not sew, and the duties of the house took but little of her time, so she fell into the habit of climbing the ladder to the house-top that she might watch the passers in the street.

One day she saw, sitting on his heels on the opposite side of the street, a man who was evidently enjoying the book he was reading, for he shook with laughter and occasionally broke into a hearty guffaw. Fatima's curiosity was excited and she called out:—

* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

"What are you reading?" "Some stories." "Who wrote them?" "I did." "What are they about?" "The wiles of women." "Come in here and read them to me."

Had not Fatima been carried beyond all reason by her curiosity she would not have made a request so improper, so contrary to the laws of Islam and the customs of the country. And had not the reader been intoxicated by the sound of his own stories he would have realized that he was entering upon an adventure that might well cost him his honor and his life.

So lost to all proprieties and to the flight of time were they that they were surprised at last by a thundering rap at the street door. Fatima, recognizing that only her husband would knock so loudly, whispered: "What shall I do? My husband will kill me."

The stranger saw no way of escape, but the woman quickly said: "Get into that chest and I will let you out later. It is the only way to save both our lives."

No sooner said than done. Fatima locked the chest and went at once to open the street door. She found Housain fuming at the delay, for she had always before been anticipating his return and had been at the gate before he had finished knocking. He was naturally jealous and was sure there must be something wrong. Fatima, however, showed no embarrassment, for her plan was laid. With the quick wit of the Persian and the Oriental perception of the value of truth as an implement of deception she saw victory within her grasp. She told her husband the whole story.

"Now," she said, "the man is in that chest and here is the key." Housain was much wrought up, and was thirsting for blood so, of course, it did not enter his head that he had eaten a twin almond with his wife the previous evening. As he grasped the key, Fatima cried, "Burdam" — the Persian way of saying "Philopena."

Housain, enraged at being caught by what he now thought a clever lie, flung the key upon the floor and rushed from the house, while Fatima lost no time in getting the author and reader out of the chest and house, but found time to say, as she put him out the door: "Have you, in your book, anything better than this?"

The Plasticity of "Beeswax."*

BY WILL LISENBEE.

THE gullibility of Ruggles was an open book to all the denizens of Blue Gulch before he had been in the town a week. In the hands of those who habitually quenched their thirst at his expense he became so plastic that he was known as "Beeswax Ruggles," and finally, for brevity, it was cut simply to "Beeswax."

The mission of Beeswax in Blue Gulch was at first veiled in obscurity. Finally it came out that he was an artist. At this discovery a mild spasm pervaded the social structure of Blue Gulch, which resolved itself into the interrogation of "Why?" The question was propounded by Pizen Bill, who felt that his prestige as the most artistic manipulator of the double action six-shooter with either hand was seriously threatened by the advent of one who professed to be a master of one of the fine arts. Beeswax received the question with that calm impassivity befitting a man of his profession and temperament.

His reply was both engaging and conciliatory. His mission in Blue Gulch, he explained, was in no wise intended to disturb the natural order of things, but merely that he might study, for a brief season, the rugged outlines of frontier life which appealed so strongly to his love of realism and virility in art.

These fine words mystified rather than appeased the inquiring mind of Pizen Bill, yet a sense of pride withheld him from further questions. An artist himself in his own peculiar field, he felt that his dignity as such would be best maintained by pretending to have understood the technical phrases employed by a brother artist, and to accept them as good and sufficient reasons for his presence there.

* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

"Oh, I don't take no offense at your comin' to Blue Gulch none," remarked Pizen Bill, as he drained the glass which Beeswax's hospitality had filled, "fer I reckon the town must grow, an' in growin' it is only a question of time when it must have churches, Sunday-schools, water works an' artists. An' if Blue Gulch is to have an artist," he went on, slapping Beeswax on the shoulder, "it is proper that she should have one that's a judge of good licker."

In the days that followed Beeswax spent a great deal of his time locked in his studio at the Occidental Hotel. No one was permitted to inspect his work, nor were any visitors allowed to visit his rooms. He was going to give an exhibition of his work, he announced, and he would then invite all lovers of art in Blue Gulch to be present.

"There are no better critics than the people — the common people," Beeswax said to Pizen Bill in confidence. "If there is a flaw anywhere, they are sure to discover it. That is why I am so anxious to give an exhibition of my works here, where they have been produced, before taking them back East."

So potent was the social influence of Pizen Bill that under his patronage the formerly despised Ruggles became in time so popular that contempt was replaced by respectful admiration, and the somewhat too familiar "Beeswax" was still further shortened to an affectionate "Beezy."

A number of all-day sketching trips were made by the industrious artist, on horseback, accompanied by a pack animal bearing his painting paraphernalia and canvases, and he might have had company on several occasions had he not very decidedly declined such companionship, on the plea that it would destroy his artistic inspiration.

Just as public expectation and interest in the promised art exhibition had reached an acute stage of impatience, the artist announced that only the finishing touches were now lacking, but that their application rendered necessary a trip to the outside world for the purchase of suitable pigments.

His departure was accordingly a cordial ovation that gave promise of a veritable triumph on his return. He was followed to the stage and for half a mile from camp by enthusiastic admirers

who, while they did not throw bouquets, pressed upon the retiring Ruggles many substantial creature comforts to enliven his journey.

The stage had crossed a high ridge and was descending through a narrow defile flanked on either side by rocky walls when Beeswax, whose head was out of the window viewing the scenery, gave a terrific gasp. Almost instantly there came from the roadside the stern command to halt and throw hands up. It broke with terrifying distinctness on the ears of driver and passengers, and as they turned their eyes to the left, there, half hidden among the rocks and scant vegetation, stood a trio of road agents, their winchesters covering the stage.

"Tumble out, every one of you, an' fall into line!" came the harsh, imperative command, and the passengers, who knew by experience the folly of procrastination under such circumstances, literally fell over each other in their haste to obey.

As they fell into line the firm voice of the leading bandit again broke the silence.

"You little cuss thar call 'Beeswax,'" came the voice, "you that's bin a nosin' around lookin' fer 'lokle culler,' I reckon you've got a chanst to see the reel thing. Jist you take holt now an' go through the passengers fer us, an' if you leave a copper on any of their persons we'll feed yer to the coyotes as a solemn warnin' to yer like!"

With hands that obviously shook Beeswax proceeded to go through the passengers, and when he had finished had collected half a dozen watches, six pistols, and a pile of money that made him catch his breath.

Then the chief bandit, with still leveled gun, gave the order for the passengers to return to the stage, but Beeswax was told to remain, as they proposed to transact a little business with him, and the last the passengers saw of him he was grovelling in the trail, the picture of abject terror.

When, a few hours later, the sheriff and his posse arrived on the scene, the bandits and Beeswax had disappeared. A month later a letter, bearing an Eastern postmark, arrived at Blue Gulch. It was addressed to the mayor and the people in general, and was as follows:

Dear Friends:

I regret that I did not find it convenient to give my little art exhibition in just the way you were led to expect. However, my method of exhibiting specimens of my art was, you will doubtless admit, both novel and effective, and I may add, very remunerative as well. The three road agents who so successfully held up the stage at the Pass were carefully painted dummies, artistically prepared to represent the real thing — so perfect, it proved, that they only needed the voice, which I was fortunately able to supply by the introduction of a bit of ventriloquial art. The success of my experiment has been so gratifying that I am moved to reward the appreciation of your people by leaving them as a legacy the three dummies, which may be found hidden in a little cavern north of the Pass. You will agree, I am sure, that in these days a bit of artistic deception is necessary to success in all the walks of life.

Believe me, I am,

Most cordially and gratefully yours,

The letter bore no signature, but where it should have been there was a piece of beeswax fastened firmly to the paper.

"Well, I'll be derned!" exclaimed Pizen Bill. "Jist to think that an or'nary little cuss like Beeswax could come to Blue Gulch an' take the whole outfit in on a jim crow game like that! If ever he comes to the Gulch ag'in we'll give an exhibition of his remains hangin' to a tree, shot full o' holes, that will be a great deal more relistick than any of his dummies!"

Her Answer.*

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

AD the postman been a more observant person he would have seen that the letter he handed to the young woman at the door was both unexpected and disturbing. As it was, however, he passed on without noticing the sudden pallor that overspread her face nor the haste with which she stepped back into the house and closed the door.

Alone, and safe from observation, she stood for a moment in the narrow entry and gazed fixedly at the letter in her trembling hands. "I knew it; it *is* from Allen!" she whispered, giving excited expression to her thoughts as she noted the return address on the upper corner of the envelope; and as one walking in a dream she made her way slowly back to the little sitting-room and sank weakly into a chair.

Holding the letter on her lap she fingered it nervously and with growing agitation; thrumming upon it for a second, then picking it up and rumpling it between her fingers as she again read the superscription, or grasping it by one of the corners and drumming with its edge in rapid tattoo upon her knee. Twice she was on the point of tearing it open, but each time she refrained, as with sudden irresolution, and turned her face abruptly away, to stare for a minute out of the window with its dull picture of housetops and murky sky. Finally, however, with a quick, impulsive movement, she picked up the penholder that lay on the table at her side, and without further hesitation opened the envelope and drew forth the letter.

It was written in pale ink and the chirography was cramped and uneven, making it difficult to decipher. Her hands shook as she smoothed out the folds in the paper and held it up so that the

*Copyright 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved. The writer of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story competition ending October 12, 1904.

light from the window might fall upon it. Then, in half murmur, half whisper, she read the letter aloud to herself, slowly and haltingly:

HOTEL GRAFTON,
PORTLAND, ORE., Sept. 11, 1904.

MY DEAR MARY:—

You will be surprised to hear from me after all this time. I have not written to you since I left Buffalo. That was two years ago last March. I suppose you thought you would never hear from me again, and I thought so, too. I was desperate and hopeless and I thought it was all up with me. I drifted about out here until the spring of 1903, and then I made a strike for gold in Alaska. It was a last chance and a hard one, but I stuck to it and luck came my way and I cleared up more than a hundred thousand, and all I want now to complete my fortune and make life worth living is for you to forgive me, Mary, and take me back. I know I did wrong not to write to you or send you any word; but I was desperate and I wanted you to forget there was such a man as me. I thought my life was a failure and I did not dare to ask you to marry me and share my bad luck with me. But it is all over now and I love you the same as I always did, and I want you to say it is all right and you will come out to me here and make a home for me. You need never think about work any more. I will build you a house fit for a queen and you can have your horses and servants and all the money you want to buy books and fine dresses. Don't say No. I have made a man of myself for your sake, Mary, and I love you and I want you. Answer at once and tell me it is all right and say you will come.

It is going on three years since I have heard anything of you. Are you well and are you still hard at work with your typewriting? And how is the twin—Susan? Does she look as much like you as ever? I will never forget how you let me take her to the entertainment that night thinking all the time it was yourself. That was a great joke on me.

I wish I could come myself to fetch you, but I am in a business deal out here that won't let me get away for several weeks, and I can't wait that long for you. Don't think about the expense of the trip. I will look after that. Only say you will come and be my wife. I love you. I love you.

ALLEN.

She laid the letter down, and turning toward the window gazed out vacantly into space. A mist had begun to fall in the shadowing twilight, giving to the world without an aspect of utter dreariness. For several minutes the ticking of the clock on the corner shelf was the only sound that broke upon the somber stillness. The woman at the window sat motionless, save for the troubled heaving of her bosom. Her thin, worn hands lay on her lap, tightly clasped, while her upraised face, pale and tense, gave sign in mute distress of the torturing conflict that was burning within her heart.

A tear trickling down her cheek aroused her from her reverie. Mechanically she dried her eyes and then, turning slowly from the window, allowed her gaze to wander about the room in deliberate

contemplation of its tokens of poverty and hardship. Everything about her, from her faded dress to the few, cheap pictures on the wall, spoke of toil and struggle and want. It was nothing new. She had been accustomed to it for years; but there was that in her expression now that revealed a suddenly aroused and bitter realization of her cheerless surroundings; a passionate revulsion of feeling; a revolt against the conditions that so long had bound her to a life of drudgery and care.

"But, no, no — it is not alone because of this! it is not because of this!" she cried in sudden outburst of self-confession. "It is because I love him, and always *have* loved him!"

There was a note of defiance in her voice, as of one who has reached a determination in the face of some opposing will, a victory of the heart over the forces of mind and of judgment.

Opening a drawer in the table she took from it a small bottle of ink and a sheet of note paper, and with the eagerness born of impellent resolution she made answer to the letter that lay before her. She wrote rapidly and without hesitation, speaking aloud each word as she wrote it:

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,
September 18, 1904.

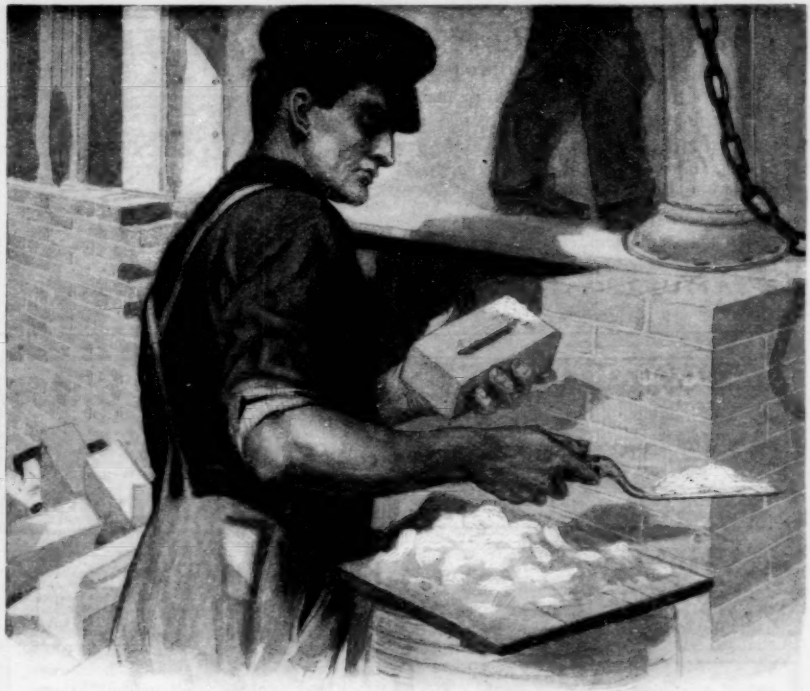
DEAR ALLEN: —

Yes, I will come. All is forgiven. I am alone now. Sister is no longer with me. I have suffered much since I saw you last. You must expect to find me altered in many ways. Answer soon and tell me how and when to come. I send you my heart's best love. It has been yours during all these dreary months of silence, and shall be yours till I die.

Always your loving

MARY.

She had scarcely signed it, when, with a little cry as of fright, she hastily drew her pen through the signature; and snatching up the letter tore it into bits. With the same impulsive haste she picked up the letter from Allen, put it back into its envelope and deftly resealed it. Then, across the face of it, in an unsteady hand, she wrote: "Return to writer. Mary Sedgwick died April 25, 1903."



Build What You Build, Well.

Build your body cell by cell, WELL. Use properly selected FOOD. That is the material, and, as the builder of a building selects the best brick and mortar, so you should select the very best material the world affords from which to build your body.

Nowadays we have that material right at hand chosen by an expert.

Grape-Nuts

food is made from the certain selected parts of Wheat and Barley which supply the Phosphate of Potash that assimilates with Albumen and makes the soft gray matter in the nerve cells and brain to perfectly rebuild and sustain the delicate nervous system upon which the whole structure depends, and the food is so prepared in manufacture that babe or athlete can digest it.

"There's a Reason" and a profound one for **GRAPE-NUTS.**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

THE WARMEST SHEATHING

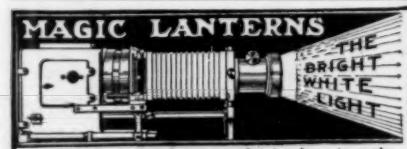
Wind and Frost Proof

NOT a mere felt or paper, but a matted lining that keeps out the cold as a bird's feathers do. Six times as warm as the best papers, and warmer and cheaper than back-plaster. Costs less than 1c a foot. Keeps warm rooms warm and cool rooms cool. "*It is cheaper to build warm houses than to heat cold ones.*"

Send for a sample and catalogue (free) of Cabot's Sheathing Quilt.

SAMUEL CABOT, 3 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

Agents at all Central Points.



Illustrated Catalogue, explaining how to make money on a small investment, **SENT FREE.**

Stereopticons, Slides

And Moving Pictures. The **Bright White Light** for Magic Lanterns is the greatest money maker; costs 2c an hour. Latest Electric Calcium and Acetylene Stereopticons. Five hundred Lecture Sets with readings. 40,000 slides to rent. Special rental terms to those who buy Lanterns. Slides for Secret Societies.

WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE

DEPT. 12, 918 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I Print My Own Cards Circulars, books, newspaper. Card Press $5. Larger, $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

The Press Co. Meriden, Conn.

LADY SEWERS

wanted to make up shields at home; $10 per 100; can make 2 an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to

UNIVERSAL CO., DEPT. 100, PHILA., PA.

QUILTED MATTRESS PADS

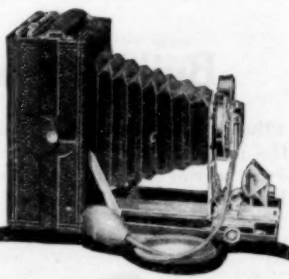
MONEY spent wisely means comfort and pleasure to the spender. You go to bed to rest. Quilted Mattress Pads will make your bed comfortable as well as keep yours and baby's bed in a perfect sanitary condition.

The cost is small — and when washed they are as good as new.

Ask your Dry Goods Dealer

Excelsior Quilting Co.

15 Laight Street, New York, N. Y.



Filmplate Premo

Takes plates or Premo Daylight Loading Films with equal facility. Permits use of the ground glass for focusing with either, and without the necessity of special attachments.

Three sizes: 3¼ x 4¼, $24.00; 3¼ x 5½ and 4 x 5, $26.50.

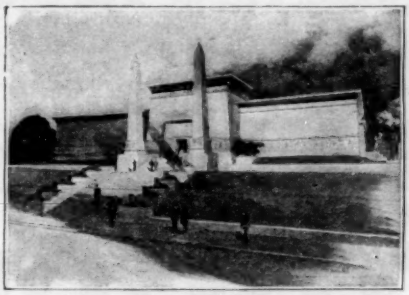
Catalogue on Request

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.,

86 South St., Rochester, N. Y.

A National Daily Newspaper for Women

If there is an intelligent woman in America who has not longed for a great daily newspaper of her own, full of the things WOMEN want to know, clean, fearless, independent, ready to fight womankind's battles and handle without gloves the things busy money-seeking men are afraid of for "business" reasons, we have not found her yet.



This great publishing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Daily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS IN 200 MINUTES, sending them whirling to all parts of America by the fast night mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stockholders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest publishing plant in America and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from coast to coast by fast mail each day has become an accomplished fact. By special facilities this great daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, can be delivered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of date of issue. Published by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but owned by the people, **fearless, clean, independent and powerful,** it will give the TRUTH of each day's world events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, every member of the family is provided for in its columns. If you want to know more about what is really going on all over the world each day than the men do, the latest news from Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, the best daily short stories, the latest advance daily fashion notes from Europe, the daily "doings" at Washington, what men and women are doing each day throughout the world, with INSIDE information about them, all beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the greatest battles for better things for womankind that have ever been fought, you want The Woman's National Daily.

Simply Send Us a Postal Card

The women of this country have never been united as a force in public life because the daily papers are published for men. The Woman's National Daily will make them a force that will be felt. We want you to see and read this great daily woman's newspaper, to know what it is doing for women, to be better posted, better read. You need not send us any money in advance. The subscription price is one dollar per year (313 issues, every day but Sundays). Simply send us a postal card as follows: **"Enter my subscription to The Woman's National Daily for one year, and if at the end of three months, thirteen weeks, I do not want it longer I will send you 25c for the 78 issues I will have received, and you are to stop the paper."** Sign your name and full address and we will send the great daily to you by fast mail each night, delivered to you every morning but Sunday. If after three months you do not want it longer, simply send the 25c and it will be stopped. We know that once you have read it, you will always wonder how you got along each day without it before.

IF THE MEN OF YOUR FAMILY CAN TAKE A DOZEN DAILY NEWSPAPERS, CAN YOU NOT HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN? After looking over the "news" in your husband's daily paper, you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY and can tell him some things.

The Woman's National Daily

Care of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 36, ST. LOUIS, MO.